

## The World

Published by the Press Publishing Company.

THURSDAY EVENING, DECEMBER 20.

SUBSCRIPTION TO THE EVENING EDITION,  
(Including Postage.)PER MONTH.....\$3.00  
PER YEAR.....\$35.00

VOL. 29.....NO. 9,984

Entered at the Post-Office at New York as second-class  
mail matter.

## "TWO TO ONE!"

The SUNDAY WORLD'S Record for the Last  
Twelve Sundays.

SEPT. 30.....PRINTED	255,030 Copies.
OCT. 7.....PRINTED	255,040 Copies.
OCT. 14.....PRINTED	257,860 Copies.
OCT. 21.....PRINTED	258,990 Copies.
OCT. 28.....PRINTED	260,030 Copies.
NOV. 4.....PRINTED	272,880 Copies.
NOV. 11.....PRINTED	271,000 Copies.
NOV. 18.....PRINTED	260,190 Copies.
NOV. 25.....PRINTED	262,485 Copies.
DEC. 2.....PRINTED	260,380 Copies.
DEC. 9.....PRINTED	263,150 Copies.
DEC. 16.....PRINTED	262,100 Copies.

**THE SUNDAY WORLD** Has **DOUBLE** the Circulation of any other Sunday newspaper in Europe or America, and the Circulation Books and Newsdealers' Orders are "OPEN TO ALL."

## WORLDINGS.

Justice Harlan, of the Supreme Bench, is a man of splendid physical development. He is six feet four inches tall, with broad shoulders and a massive head. His face is smoothly shaven.

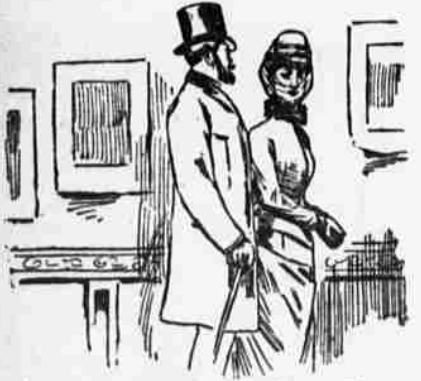
The yearly income of the great Kimberly diamond mines in South Africa is \$20,000,000, and besides this it is estimated that fully \$10,000,000 worth of diamonds are stolen every year by the natives who work in the mines.

Dr. John J. Moran, who died in Washington a few days ago, was the physician who attended the dying hours of Edgar Allan Poe, when the poet was brought as a patient to the Baltimore hospital.

"Zeb, the hermit fisherman," who lives a lonely life near Stonington, Conn., has amassed a fortune of \$50,000 from an annual income of from \$200 to \$500, which he has made from his fishing-boat during the past forty years. He started with a capital of \$50, which he invested in a dory, and his annual expenses food and all, have rarely been more than \$25.

## OUR AUTOGRAPH COLLECTION.

*McKean*  
Lost Smiles.  
(From Time.)



Mr. Smythe—At the photographer's: Why, you look as if you had just come from the dentist. Where are your smiles?  
Mrs. Smythe—Taken with the portrait, my dear.

**It Would Have Been Witchcraft Once.**  
"Judge, this man shocks me with electricity whenever I pass him on the street," said Thomas Henry, of 427 East Seventy-third street, when arraigned at the Essex Market Police Court this morning on complaint of William Lanigan, of 57 First avenue, for insanity.  
"He is out of his mind," explained Lanigan, and the man was committed.

**Verdict for Mrs. Eames.**  
The jury in the trial of the suit of Frank M. Eames against his wife, Emma L. Eames, for absolute divorce, before Justice Bartlett in the Kings County Supreme Court, brought in a verdict for Mrs. Eames, after an absence from the box of fifteen minutes, last evening. She was contempered of every charge brought by her husband of her intimacy with her young brother, George F. Hamilton.

**Extra Holiday for School Children.**  
A petition signed by over 10,000 public-school children was presented at yesterday's meeting of the Board of Education, asking that next Monday, the day preceding Christmas Day, be made a holiday. The Board unanimously granted the request, thus giving the children an unbroken vacation of two weeks, beginning to-morrow afternoon.

**Steals His Old Father's Cent.**  
Lawrence McAvoy, aged seventy, of 306 East Twelfth street, was complainant at the Essex Market Police Court this morning against his son Charles, who is thirty-six years of age. Charles stole his father's cent yesterday and pleaded guilty and was held.

**Reunion of Old Friends.**  
Mrs. E. Brown, of Wythe street, Brooklyn, gave a sociable to a party of old friends last evening. Among those present were Miss Mary Davis, Mrs. E. L. Bickney, Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Somers, Miss Goodard, McKelvey W. Clark, F. Nicholson, J. C. Gaudy and W. E. James.

## A Good Deed Performed.

I write to let you know that the little girl who sent a letter to your paper asking for an overcoat for her brother and a pair of shoes for herself has received them. I. J. Leon, of the Central Union Clothing-Store, gave the little boy a handsome overcoat, and his wife is getting the little girl a pair of shoes. Mr. Leon also gave the little boy money to buy his mother a present. Their store is on the corner of One Hundred and Sixth street and Third avenue. They may not like to have this known, but I think it is only just and right to let the public know of their goodness.  
300 West Thirty-first street.  
A. D.

## A Case Will Be Recommended.

To the Editor of The Evening World:  
If you know of a deserving case where my little girl could fill the Christmas stocking for a gift from four to five years old, let me know and I will send it to you. Please mention my name.  
C. D. B.

## THOSE EMPTY LITTLE SOCKS.

Generous "Evening World" Readers Start a Christmas Fund.

One Well-Known Broker Sends His Check for \$50.

Many Other Readers Offer to Personally Attend to a Deserving Case.

THE EVENING WORLD yesterday received \$59 in cash and checks from generous-hearted contributors to the filling of some of the multitude of pathetic empty little Christmas stockings in this big town. One communication, inclosing \$50, was from a well-known broker who, with characteristic modesty, requests his name to be kept secret.

A considerable number of THE EVENING WORLD's readers also sent requests that the addresses of deserving cases should be forwarded to them that they might personally enjoy the luxury of doing some generous act to cheer the Christmasted.

One very notable feature in many of these instances is that the Christmas philanthropists prefer to have their names kept secret. THE EVENING WORLD naturally likes to publish names in such cases as an encouragement to others, but, of course, requests of this nature are respected.

A great bundle of pathetic epistles, chiefly from the children of the poor, reaches THE EVENING WORLD every day. Most of these sad little epistles bear the marks of honesty on their face. While it would be impossible to afford relief in more than a part of the cases brought to our attention, THE EVENING WORLD will do the best it can, and, after investigation, fill as many empty little socks as possible.

All who intend to take a hand in the good work should do so promptly. All cash contributions or requests for worthy cases for personal attention should be sent in before Saturday afternoon.

**A Nameless Broker of Generous Heart.**  
Please use the inclosed check for \$50 to help fill the stockings of those who are deserving, but do not publish my name.  
WALL ST.

**Two Dollars More.**  
To the Editor of The Evening World:  
Inclosed is \$2 for the empty stockings.  
T. D. B.

**An Old Maid's \$2.**  
To the Editor of The Evening World:  
Please find inclosed \$2, which I would like to contribute towards making some poor child happy at Christmas-time.  
Dec. 17.  
AN OLD MAID.

**A Dollar from Two Little Girls.**  
To the Editor of The Evening World:  
Inclosed please find \$1 which my little girls wish you to give to some poor child to help make their Christmas pleasant.  
ANNIE and ALICE, seven and three years,  
First avenue, Brooklyn, Dec. 18.

**This Will Be Attended To.**  
To the Editor of The Evening World:  
Please send names and address of two poor girls. I will see that they are provided for Christmas. Please don't publish my name.  
R. R. D.

**Will Do No With Pleasure.**  
To the Editor of The Evening World:  
Please send me privately the name and address of a worthy family who are unable to buy a Christmas dinner and I will see that they have one. Do not mention my name.  
Miss W.

**We Will Investigate the Case.**  
To the Editor of The Evening World:  
A communication in yesterday's EVENING WORLD's Christmas column touched me to the extent of \$2, which please find inclosed. If the case is not deserving please give to some one else, and I will be glad to hear of it.  
F. H. HUNT, 186 Fulton street, Brooklyn.

**A Christmas Box from Rahway.**  
To the Editor of The Evening World:  
About a week ago mamma told my little sister and me how many little children there are who will not have a visit from Santa Claus; so my sister and I have been getting a box ready, for we would like to make some little children happy on Christmas. Mamma says we must do it all ourselves, but brother is going to help us use the box. I am only ten years old and my sister is five. Mamma has promised us some tea and sugar and some other things too, and if you will please tell us where we can send the box we shall be very glad.  
F. M. M., Rahway, N. J.

**Exact Addresses Wanted.**  
Willie Smith, who gave his address as Houston street, will please send the number of the street to this office.  
Mrs. A. G. K., of New York, will please send exact address to the editor of The Evening World. K. J. sends \$2 for her relief, which will be delivered if the case is a worthy one.

## EIGHT LITTLE MOUTHS TO FEED.

A Prominent Labor Man's Widow Has a Hard Struggle with Poverty.

The widow of William Wallace lives in two small furnished rooms on the top floor of the tall tenement, 327 East Forty-seventh street. She has lived there for a year past, struggling almost hopelessly to maintain herself and eight young children. To-day sorrow is added to poverty. The poor widow who mourned the loss of a good husband two years ago, weeps now by the side of a dead child, with pinching poverty staring her and her loved ones in the face and her burdens almost unbearable. It is indeed an unhappy Christmas time for the Widow Wallace.

William Wallace was for years before his death a street-car driver. His last employment being on the Green "or" Houston and Forty-second street line. He was a man of a generous and energetic nature, and sought to aid his fellow-workers in bettering their condition by organizing. He was a charter member of Local Assembly No. 3,450, of District Assembly 77, of the Knights of Labor, and was instrumental in advancing that organization.

Wallace stood up manfully for the rights of the working man, who were working fourteen to sixteen hours a day, and was instrumental in bringing about the successful strike of the men employed on the Grand Street Crossing line. When the great strike on the Third Avenue lines was threatened Wallace opposed such action. He was a man of great courage and was a member of the Executive Board. When the District Assembly bought Pythagoras Hall as a hall for the working man, Wallace resigned from the Executive Board. When the District Assembly bought Pythagoras Hall as a hall for the working man, Wallace resigned from the Executive Board. When the District Assembly bought Pythagoras Hall as a hall for the working man, Wallace resigned from the Executive Board.

## IS SHE LOST ON THE REEFS?

THE STANCH FREDERICKA SCHEPP IS FIFTEEN DAYS OVERDUE.

Sighted an Hour Before the Big Gale Unwisely Spreading Her Canvas—She Left San Blas with a Cargo of 600,000 Coconuts and Some Costly Tortoise Shells and Ivory Nets.

The first mate of the steamer Kepler, of the Rio Janeiro line, which has arrived in port, relates that the Kepler sighted the Fredericka Schopp in latitude 34.30, longitude 66.7, on Dec. 13; that while he was taking in sail in expectation of a gale, the Schopp was putting out her upper canvas.

An hour and a half later the Kepler encountered a fearful gale, which came from the northwest, and kept blowing for three days. The Kepler had hard work to keep right side up with her sails reefed close, and once came near being swamped.

The Fredericka Schopp is one of the fleet of Leopold Schopp, the dedicated coconut manufacturer. She is a topsail schooner of 225 tons register, and was named in honor of the aged mother of the owner, who lives with Mr. Schopp and his little daughter, at Fort Washington.

The Schopp makes three month trips to the Caribbean Sea and this time had gathered at San Blas, in the United States of Columbia, a cargo consisting of 600,000 coconuts worth \$18,000; tortoise shells valued at \$10 a pound, and ivory nets, which are known in the retail manufacture of awl articles as vegetable ivory. The whole cargo was worth \$25,000, and the schooner \$15,000. She was a crew of ten men under Capt. B. F. Foote, an old seafarer.

She sailed from San Blas Nov. 13, and spoke San Antonio in the Caribbean Sea, Nov. 16. She should have arrived here about Dec. 5, but was held back by strong head winds, and it is feared that, having reached a point opposite Cape May, she was blown back upon the reefs off Bermuda.

The other day, as was related in THE EVENING WORLD, the good people of Asbury Park and Ocean Grove, N. J., found among the shells on the shore a host of coconuts, and it is feared that the Fredericka Schopp has gone down and that it was a part of her cargo which bestowed the Jersey shore.

E. H. Forrie, of Schopp's coconut factory, Hudson and Duane streets, says that his concern uses 25,000 coconuts a day, employing 200 men the year round. Mr. Schopp has a fleet of a half dozen vessels.

The schooner Jenny Rossland, a similar vessel to the Fredericka Schopp, arrived in port this morning. She came from Brunswick, Ga., with a cargo of lumber, and was equal to the west off Cape Hatteras, on the 18th, and her mainmast was carried away to the deck.

This was followed by a three days' gale, and the schooner added under the power of her forty-eight hours, throwing overboard all her cargo of oil in the effort to keep afloat.

On the 17th a southern gale blew with terrific force for a few hours, and the schooner was blown back to the beach. The place where the Kepler sighted the Schopp was of Hatteras, a little further out, and about 500 miles from New York, or midway between here and Bermuda. There is no telegraphic communication with the Bermudas, and the only hope of Mr. Schopp is that his schooner has been blown into Bermuda harbor and her crew saved.

## THE END OF A PARIS SENSATION.

A Little Grim, but Interesting Gossip Suggested by the Prado Affair.

So the Prado affair is at an end. Few trials have so abounded in exciting turns. At each sitting the prisoner contrived some fresh situation, and kept the curiosity of the public breathless to the very last by his solemn assurance that he could upset the indictment by producing unexpected documents. It was like a romantic *fait accompli* worked up by Ponson du Terrail or Gaboriau.

Unluckily for the principal actor the climax of the story will take place, unless the clemency of the higher authorities intervenes, on the scaffold in the Place de la Roquette. But I firmly believe that this sinister gambler, having lost the game, will play the "made his head" without flinching.

Another of the gang, Ybanes, was in the same predicament and I saw him greedily picking up the ends of half smoked cigars in the passages. Perhaps when Prado is asked on the morning of his execution, as is customary, whether there is anything he wishes for, he will reply, like another condemned wretch named Lemair:

"I want only one thing, and that is to smoke five-cents cigar before I am executed."

On the day when the verdict was returned, and pending the decision of the jury, the lawyers and laymen gathered in knots discussing the case, and as the conversation became more general various anecdotes were told with reference to executions. Some were grotesque, but the most notable was a common occurrence, even at the Palais de Justice, to laugh at the most serious matters. Among them was the following, which seems the most amusing of grim jesting.

A Sultan of Morocco, requiring an execution, one day a man arrived to offer his services.

"Are you really clever at it?" asked the monarch. "Can you cut off a head at one blow?"

"Try me."

"Very good. Come into the court-yard. Take your sword. There happens to be a criminal waiting to be beheaded."

The headman obeyed, went down into the court-yard, was confronted with his victim and swept out his sword across the man's throat. "What for?" asked the monarch.

"Crimsy wretch!" cried the Sultan.

"Sire," said the executioner without wincing, "I have you a snuff-box?"

"Do me the favor of holding the snuff under the criminal's nose."

The Sultan did as he was asked. The man sneezed, and the head fell at the feet of the astonished monarch. "This was a stroke of work or I am very much mistaken."

## AMONG THE MERRIE MEN.

THE MEDICINE THEY FURNISH AS AN ANTIDOTE TO THE BLUES.

Unsupplanted.

(From Park.)



Mr. Hennessey, Martel (as his wife turns her back)—Didn't you see me wink when you drew that soda?  
Van Ilter Beane (the new clerk)—Y-Y-Yes, sir; but we can sell nothing for the eyes without a prescription.

## A Good Reason.

(From the Free House Express.)

First Trump—I wish I was President of this country for just one day?  
Second Trump—What for?  
First Trump—For the salary, of course.

## Johnny Was Posted.

(From the Chicago Press.)

"How many hours there is in a day?" inquired the schoolmaster of Johnny Stubbins in the geography class.  
"Ten, ma'am," said Johnny, whose father belongs to a union, "but there'll only be eight after 1890."

## A Modest Young Woman.

(From Life.)

Boston Grocer (to young lady)—Turkeys, miss?  
Young Lady—Yes.  
Grocer—Dressed or not dressed?  
Young Lady—Not dressed, please; but you must do up the package very carefully when you send it home.

## The Disinfection Mutual.

(From the Chicago Tribune.)

Depew—Forepaugh, I wish you would shave off those side whiskers. I am getting tired of being mistaken for a showman.  
Forepaugh—Depew, I wish you would raise a mustache. I am getting tired of being asked a hundred times a day what Cabinet position I am hankering for.

## The Porter's Paradise.

(From the St. Paul Pioneer Press.)

The longest continuous sleeping-car service in the world is that on the Santa Fe system, which runs through sleepers from San Diego, Cal., to Chicago, a distance of 2,311 miles. Porters on these sleepers, leaving San Diego penniless, arrive in Chicago and proceed to invest a portion of their wealth in Calumet and Michigan avenue real estate.

## His Revenge.

(From the Chicago Press.)

"I'll be avenged on that woman," said Skeezick. "I'll ruin her yet, sir! She has refused me—me—with a clear income of \$10 a week! I'll ruin her, sir! She'll regret it!"  
"What'll you do?" said the old man. "Will you shoot her?"  
"No, sir! I'll do worse than that. I'll give it out that she's a favorite of the Prince of Wales."

## GLIMPSES HERE AND THERE.

Commonplace Affairs of Life in and About the Big City.

A street fakir, with a huge bundle of rainbow-hued suspenders over his arm and a big tray full of assorted jewelry and knick-knacks strapped amidships, was disconcertingly wending what was evidently his very weary way along West street one recent rainy day.

He looked so distrust that the reporter asked him if trade wasn't good.  
"Haven't sold a cent's worth of anything to-day. That's always the way on stormy days. Nobody buys anything when it storms. Bright, clear days I make as high as \$3 a day."

"Do street men ever get rich? Of course they do. You see we live on very little. Three or four of us live in the same room and share expenses, while they enable us to save three-fourths of our earnings. When we have enough we open small stores, either in the poorer quarter of this city or in some small town. A good many successful merchants were once street men, or 'fakirs,' as we are called."

"We sell our wares at double what we pay for them. There are regular places over on the east side which make a specialty of supplying us. Our initial license costs us \$1.25; but after the first year only 25 cents."

And he covered over his glittering array of cane handles, stones, beads, and his watch-chain and necklaces, and sought the conclusion that the one-fourth proprietorship of a fifth floor back room in a Mott street tenement granted.

## Reminders of the Old Volunteer Firemen and Their Machines.

Arnett G. Smith, of 14 Fulton street, has perhaps the finest collection of mementoes of the old Volunteer Fire Department that is in existence.

The collection consists of trumpets, certificates, photographs, oil paintings, caps, cap and wagon horns, badges, lamps, models of hose carriages, hook and ladder trucks and engines, and, in fact, everything that was formerly worn or used in fighting fire.

In all there are over 3,000 pieces. Some of the gems of the collection of cap fronts are those worn by Bill Treadwell, when that notable mayor with "big 6," a front belonging to ex-Mayor Wickham, and another belonging to Harry Heward.

The collection is carefully arranged and occupies a large room in the rear of the store. A great many of the illustrations in the fireman's book, recently published, were taken from the pictures in this collection.

There is in it the complete set of fire certificates, from 1803 until the department was reorganized in 1865.

Mr. Smith recently refused \$10,000 for his collection, and he says that he wouldn't part with it for any price.

## This Log Cabin Has a Holiday Listing of Push.

Harrison's log cabin, in the guise of a smoking set, is the latest scheme with which the coming President's name has been coupled.

It is a small but of miniature logs, gilded, and the roof is set on a pair of hinges that are invisible.  
When the roof is raised an elegant plush interior is exposed to view, indicating that the old-fashioned log cabin of the sturdy Westerner was not such a crude, uncomfortable affair as people have been led to believe. Neatly arranged in the log is a smoking-set, consisting of a pipe, a cigar-holder, a cigarette-holder, match-box and ash-tray. The smoking implements are of meerschaum, and the other pieces of silver. The novelty was gotten up to meet the holiday trade, and will be popular.

## White Caps Notified Him to Leave.

(SPECIAL TO THE EVENING WORLD.)

Greentown, Dec. 20.—William Robinson, of Greentown, Moon Township, has received a notice from "White Caps" requesting him to leave the county for ill-treating a little boy. The inhabitants are quite alarmed about this, the latest appearance of the "White Caps" in Western Pennsylvania.

## NEGRO MELODIES IN WAX.

CHEAP LABOR CONSPIRACY BETWEEN EDISON AND DOCKSTADER.

Low Visits the Inventor's Laboratory at Llewellyn Park and Sings "If I Were a Millionaire" to the Phonograph—It Thinks Him a Very Funny Man, and Laughs Appreciatively.

Low Dockstader, the minstrel, and inventor Thomas A. Edison were in each other's yesterday, and today THE EVENING WORLD song, "If I Were a Millionaire," is recorded on one of the phonograph wax cylinders, at Llewellyn Park, N. J., and in about two weeks will be repeated for the delight of English audiences by Edison's wonderful talking machine.

Dockstader became possessed of a brilliant idea the other day—salary, probably. He would have a phonograph minstrel show, and Edison should help him on with his scheme.

The phonograph would make no unreasonable demands on the manager, such as requests to gaze on a perambulating disembodied spirit at stated intervals. Its appetite is not enormous. It only eats a little zinc, and if it doesn't object to second-hand tobacco with its meals, Low thought he might smuggle it under the tavern stove while on the road, and there let it surreptitiously devour the brown polka-dotted floor-protecting disk of zinc always to be found there.

With no salary list, no hotel bills to pay and the company carried about in a trunk checked as baggage, Dockstader felt cock sure that there would be money in the minstrel business. Hence his visit to Edison.

Author-Composer Monroe H. Rosenfeld and an Edison-Woman reporter accompanied the minstrel to the Llewellyn Park inventor's laboratory. The party was heartily welcomed and at once taken to the room on the top floor where Mr. Edison conducts his photographic sittings.

First to catch Dockstader's eye on entering were several large tin horns of fanciful form used to catch the speeches of political stump orators and convey them to the recording angel, Phonograph.

"Whew!" exclaimed the possessor of a million in his mind, "I'd heard that Tom Edison was a little hard of hearing, but I never imagined that he had to use ear-trumpets as big as those."

A cylinder of a new composition, which can be used for the reception of 150 different phonograms, was being tested by Mr. Edison, and Dockstader was written to assist in the test, which he did by singing THE EVENING WORLD'S song, "If I Were a Millionaire."

The song recorded, a twin-receiving tube was attached to the machine, and Dockstader and the reporter were permitted to listen to the repetition of the song.

Hardly had the phonograph repeated the first line of the song when a look of gloom overspread the minstrel's usually jolly jibe and he asked appealingly: "Do I sing like that?"

The reporter assured him that what he was listening to was an exact reproduction of his voice as the people hear it every night at his little Broadway theatre.

"How they must suffer," was the feeling comment of the merry minstrel. At this instant the machine emitted an unmistakable "Ha! ha! ha!"

"Ah! very appreciative. You are indeed a wonderful man, Mr. Edison, to invent a machine that has such a nice idea of humor, I feel as though I were before an audience."

An examination of the cylinder revealed a little defect in the wax, which had been responsible for the mechanical hilarity and lessened Dockstader's respect for the machine.

A new cylinder was adjusted to the phonograph and Mr. Edison's superintendent, Prof. Wangerman, assuming the part of interlocutor, with Dockstader as his old place on the tambourine, they ploughed the shavings of the wax with a lot of bad jokes.

The World's popular instrumental piece, "The Kentucky Gallopade," and its sequel, a popular ballad, "With All Her Faults I Love Her Still," were next transferred to the enduring wax through the medium of their composer, M. H. Rosenfeld, a Weber grand piano and enormous ear trumpet.

Mr. Dockstader then sang for the benefit of the phonograph and Mr. Edison his beautiful ballad, "The Sunday School Scholar," and in his inimitable style sang the words of a garbage-scow laborer who had lost his brand new chisel—L-I-I.

His proposition to let Edison in for a share of the profits in the new Phonograph Phonogram Minstrel was not met with favor.

He said the offer was a tempting one, but he was now managing to make a comfortable living working sixteen hours a day in his laboratory, and he doesn't want to give up a sure thing for the chance of winning big money on a short horse.

The inventor compromised with Mr. Dockstader by agreeing to come to New York some evening and bottle his whole show with his machine.

## The Latest Parisian Gowns.

(From Paris Illustration.)

The characteristic stamp of the newest fashion is the total disappearance of the bustle—the famous "improver" which has afforded so much entertainment to gossipers and so much anxiety to Custom-House officers, as being a favorite cache for lace and even cigars.

The style of gown now most approved is dubbed "Empire." It is in fact a resurrection of the tight-fitting frock which we knew some twelve years since, and which drives the over-buxom or over-meagre to despair. Mme. Sarah Bernhardt and La Tosca did much to revive this, but the short-waisted bodice which strictly belongs to it is not accepted by every one, and with good reason. It is ungraceful.

This is a dress worn by Mme. Hochon—the Duchess d'Uzes's great friend—at a dinner given in honor of the Grand Ducal party, the day before the coronation. The dress was of bright yellow satin, with a broad embroidery all around the bottom of each of the sleeves, worked on the dress itself. Puffed sleeves of white crêpe, a broad sash of white crêpe around the waist and knotted at one side. A little coronet of gold worn in the hair: a fan with a last-century mount.

All our old ladies will be disinterested from their boxes and drawers this Winter. Their indoor dresses; out-of-doors hats and bonnets will be abundantly covered with feathers. The lightest tulle is in fashion again for young girls, and the great black dress is another skirt of various shades of tulle one above another. Thus, over a skirt of white tulle, there will be one of pink tulle, and then one in sky blue; the body trimmed with a bunch of ribbons of all three colors. The effect is charming, and as an enthusiastic dressmaker declared in my hearing, "quite poetical."